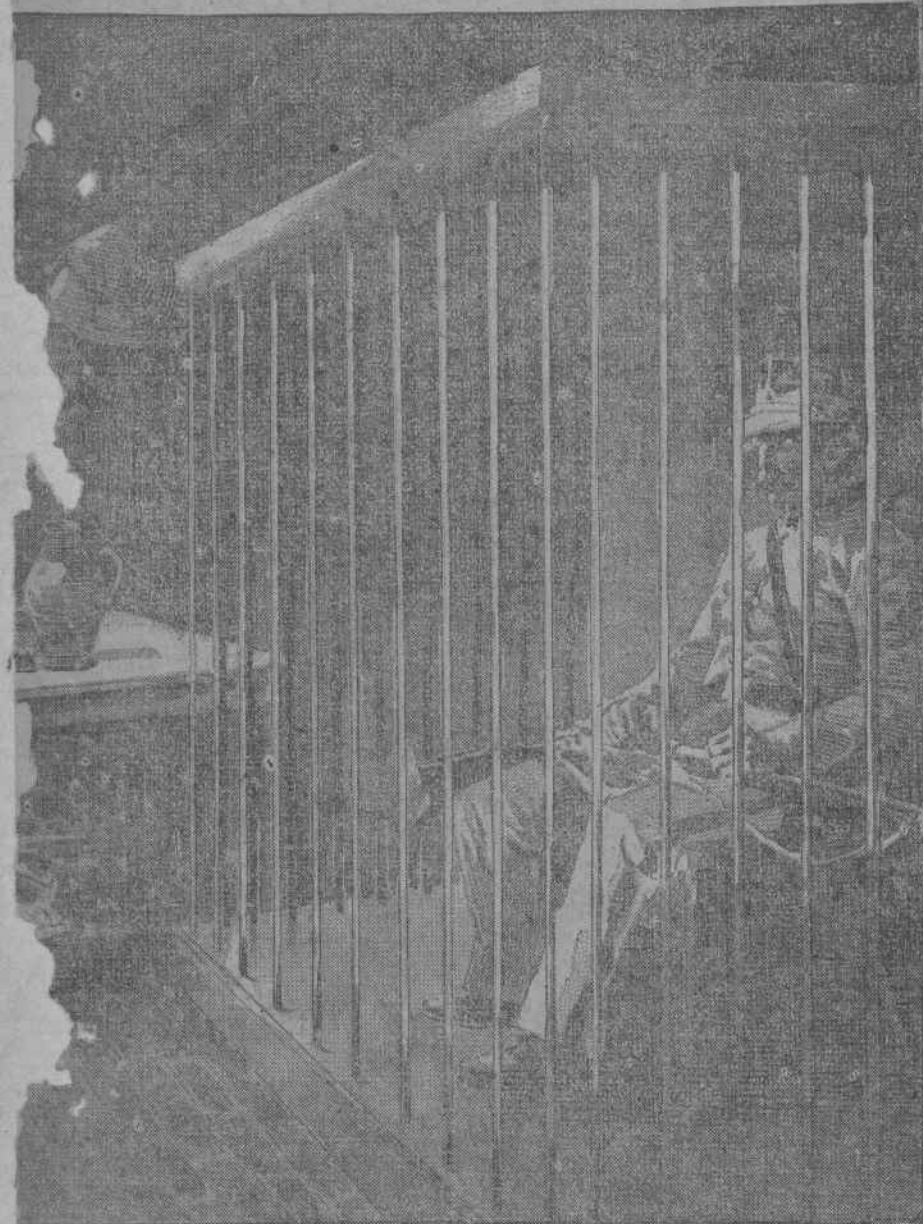


ND---BY DR. LEON BERTHAULT, WHO SAW AND TALKED WITH THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PRISONER SINCE NAPOLEON, DESCRIBES HIS INTERESTING VISIT.

UP HOPE. That is the only thing that keeps me alive. Tell my friends that I will keep alive, if I can, out of gratitude for their work."



JOURNAL BY DR. BERTHAULT.
Night and Day in a Cage Watching His Every Movement.



SHOWING WHERE
BUTTONS
AND
INSIGNIA
OF
RANK
HAVE
BEEN
CUT
FROM
HIS
OFFICER'S UNIFORM.



Berthault.)
Inside the Stockade.

the cage is that the sentry is locked in from the outside, so that he may not be tempted to come out and fraternize with the prisoner.

Dreyfus's room is as bare as any prison cell. A rough kitchen table, a very light chair and a cooking stove make up the furniture. He has no trunks, boxes or closets. His clothes hang around the room.

He is not allowed to write anything without having a sentry read as he writes. Therefore to save annoyance he amuses himself by drawing. He has a passion for making architectural designs on large sheets of paper. I examined some of these and I must say I never saw more enormous and fantastic conceptions.

The chief of the guard opens the door of Dreyfus's hut at 6 o'clock every morning and lets him out into the little yard. He is brought in again at 10 o'clock and kept there till 11, when he eats his lunch. From this time until 5 o'clock he is allowed in the yard again and then he is brought back to be locked up until 6 o'clock the following morning.

The treatment of Dreyfus at the beginning gave rise to a strong suspicion that the Government was willing to connive at his escape. His later treatment gives rise to an equally strong suspicion that the Government wishes to kill him.

On one day of the week, when the mail boat stops off the Ile Royale to leave the European mail, Dreyfus is not allowed out of his hut. He might hear the whistle of the steamship or possibly the voices of men in a boat.

Dreyfus is not allowed to speak to any of the guards, and they, of course, are not allowed to speak to him. He is condemned to perpetual silence.

The reports which have represented him as presenting a dirty, broken-down and demoralized appearance are erroneous. When I first saw him he was wearing a neat canvas suit and a clean blue shirt. His beard was carefully trimmed and he was scrupulously clean.

His complexion was unwholesome and his back somewhat bent. It was also true that there was much gray in his beard, but whether this has appeared since his imprisonment I am not aware. He is a delicate, nervous, highly sensitive man, with a chronic liver complaint in a slight form. In such a climate and under such agonizing conditions it is a marvel that he should live at all. Will and hope are his only salvation.

A daily ration of goat's milk and coarse bread is all the nourishment that the Government allows him. These are insufficient to support life in a man of his habits and delicate constitution. He is permitted to have certain delicacies sent him from outside. I obtained from M. Paul Dufour, a well-known Creole merchant who acts as agent for the Dreyfus family, a list of things forwarded to the prisoner in one month. Here it is:

One litre of alcohol for burning, two bottles of orange flower water, three pots of preserved butter, one kilogramme of chocolate, two boxes of Camembert cheese, six bottles of soda water, two bottles of Hunyadi water, six pairs of socks (length of foot, twenty-seven centimeters), one kilogramme 500 grammes of Stohl tobacco, one wooden pipe, fifty cigars, two packets of matches, two packets of writing paper, two packets of candles, one flask of granulated kola, fifteen pounds of soap, two pairs of white trousers, at 10 francs each; six white handkerchiefs.

Some of these articles show the prisoner's solicitude for his own health. The granulated kola and chocolate are strengthening. Orange flower water is to calm his nerves.

Dreyfus lives chiefly on canned meats and vegetables, which are also supplied to him at his own expense. He does not order fresh meat and vegetables, because he has to do his own cooking. This he does with a little alcohol lamp.

I strongly urged him to eat fresh food, both because his health required it and because the occupation of cooking would be a distraction beneficial to his nervous state. He was not inclined to listen to my advice. His condition is partly due to improper food.

I will here mention an incident, which I know to be true and which illustrates the brutality with which Dreyfus has been treated.

At the time he was removed to his new prison and subjected to rigid cellular confinement he was suffering from liver trouble, fever and dysentery. The physicians protested that they could not answer for his living under these conditions. M. Danel, the Governor of Guiana, telegraphed to the Minister of the Colonies at Paris:

"Physicians say they will not be responsible for Dreyfus. What shall we do if he dies?"

The Minister replied:

"Embalm him and send body here."

By the next steamship the Minister forwarded all the necessary preparations for embalming Dreyfus. All he had in mind was to have the body, so that nobody in France could say the prisoner had escaped.

The increased severity had one good result for Dreyfus. It proved to him that they were still thinking very seriously of him in France. It therefore strengthened his hopes somewhat. This, we must remember, was before the great events of the last three or four months—the decision of the Government in favor of revision, the suicide of Colonel Henry, the arrest of Colonel Picquart, et cetera. He has positive information of these events, but at the time of which I speak his situation was more doubtful.

Dreyfus is permitted to receive letters from his wife, but they are rewritten by the prison officials, who change the order of the words so that they may not convey any hidden message to him. Some of these letters are very curious after this process. The prisoner is allowed to receive a few books and serious publications, but nothing that relates either to his own case or to current news. A scientific article written by M. Valabregue, a Dreyfus sympathizer, but in no way connected with this case, was torn from a magazine before it was given to Dreyfus.

Nevertheless he does both receive messages unknown to the administration and send others to the outside world.

The art of keeping the prisoners in touch with their friends has been brought to a high degree of perfection at Cayenne. I was on friendly terms with one of the ablest of those who make a business of hoodwinking the Government and the prison authorities. He is an ex-convict who acts as banker and agent for the other convicts. To those who are familiar with Cayenne I shall indicate him sufficiently when I say that he keeps a wine shop in the Rue Suffren, on the left hand side going toward the quay.

"There are a hundred ways in which the captain gets news from his friends," said this man.

"He has probably received more letters in his shirts than in any other way. His linen is sent into Cayenne every week. His agents take a shirt, open the cuff, insert a letter written on very thin paper and then sew it up again. After that the shirt, which has been very heavily starched, is ironed. Of course they examine everything that is sent to him, but you would never have the slightest suspicion of those cuffs."

"Then there are the printed labels on the various packages that are sent to him. On the label of a packet of tobacco they burn the letter R slightly with the end of a match. That meant that 'La revision brule'—that revision is coming quickly. You may guess that Dreyfus takes pains to find out the meaning of these things.

"They are careful to soil all these printed labels, so that it is more difficult to detect any secret markings.

"Do I think Dreyfus could escape? At one time it would have been easy. That was when he could wander over the island and was not kept under lock and guard.

Now it would be much more difficult, but not impossible."

Any one who attempted to rescue Dreyfus would at least have taken chances of meeting death. Two merchant ships which inadvertently went too near the island were fired upon by the Hotchkiss gun in the watch tower. The guards have been instructed to kill Dreyfus at the first alarm of an attempted rescue and then to kill the rescuers.

That the escape of convicts is not an extraordinary occurrence may be judged from the following extract from the journal, the Combat, of Cayenne, of May 5, 1898:

"It is undoubtedly the schooner Loena, Captain Vanderpool, which facilitated the escape of eight convicts, among whom was the secretary of the chief physician.

"We hope this Vanderpool will be arrested if he again sets foot in Cayenne, and his ship seized. This audacious smuggler, who has so often closed the eyes of the Custom House, must have devoted friends in the port, for when he last appeared here some one went out and warned him not to come into the harbor."

Captain Vanderpool and many others of his type would cheerfully undertake to rescue Dreyfus.

The spirit of the pirates of the Spanish Main is still strong in Cayenne. During my last evening at the club there a project of rescuing Dreyfus was discussed as worth trying merely for the sake of adventure.

LEON BERTHAULT,
Docteur en medecine de la Faculte de Paris.
Paris, Dec. 2, 1898.

A Talk with Madame Dreyfus.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—I have just obtained an interview with Mme. Lucie Dreyfus, whose splendid devotion to her husband has been the admiration of the world, and to whom above all will be due the credit of finally obtaining justice for him.

She has for four years endured unspeakable misery, but she feels that her terrible ordeal is coming to an end. She is firmly convinced that justice will finally be done to her husband.

Mme. Dreyfus's beauty, grace and dignity added to the feeling of sympathy which I already entertained for her. She is tall, dark, with classically regular features and a sweet, sad smile.

"My husband is permitted to write to me once a month," said Mme. Dreyfus, "but his letters reach me in a mutilated condition."

She then confided to me the last letter she received, from which I am permitted to publish the following extract:

"How all my love for you comes home to me at this moment! It is solely the thought of you, my poor darling, that enables me to struggle on. * * * To think that I am accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit! Even to-day it seems to me that I am the sport of a horrible nightmare; * * * but rest assured that if I am successful in treading this Calvary to the end it will be for your sake, my poor darling; it will be to avoid for you a fresh sorrow in addition to all those you have already supported. * * * Your courage, your devotion, are sublime; * * * you are assuredly one of the noblest women of the world; my admiration for you is such that if I succeed in drinking any bitter cup to the dregs, it will be in order to be worthy of your heroism. I wring my hands in grief for you and for our children! * * * All around me is profound silence, broken only by the moaning of the sea. Do not weep, dearest; I will struggle to the last minute for your sake and for that of my children. Embrace them tenderly for me."

I had a long conversation with Mme. Dreyfus, in the course of which she explained to me the present situation of the case.

"We have now really established my husband's innocence," she said, with spirit. "What now remains to be done is to secure justice for him. That is an enormous task, as you must be aware, but I do not now doubt that we shall finally succeed."

"My husband was condemned upon evidence which was never shown to him nor to his counsel. The irregularity and the illegality of his condemnation are no longer denied. The laws of evidence did not govern the trial of Captain Dreyfus. The character of the men who are most bitterly opposed to my husband is such that it establishes



(From Sketch by Dr. Berthault.)
Devil's Island Lookouts On Guard Against a Possible Rescue.

a strong presumption in favor of his innocence. Take the chief specimens: The Marquis de Mores, the most violent Jew biter of his time; Colonel Sandherr, who died in a madhouse; Commandant du Paty de Clam, who fears arrest on a charge of forgery; Colonel Henry, the confessed forger and suicide; and Colonel Esterhazy, the unspeakable.

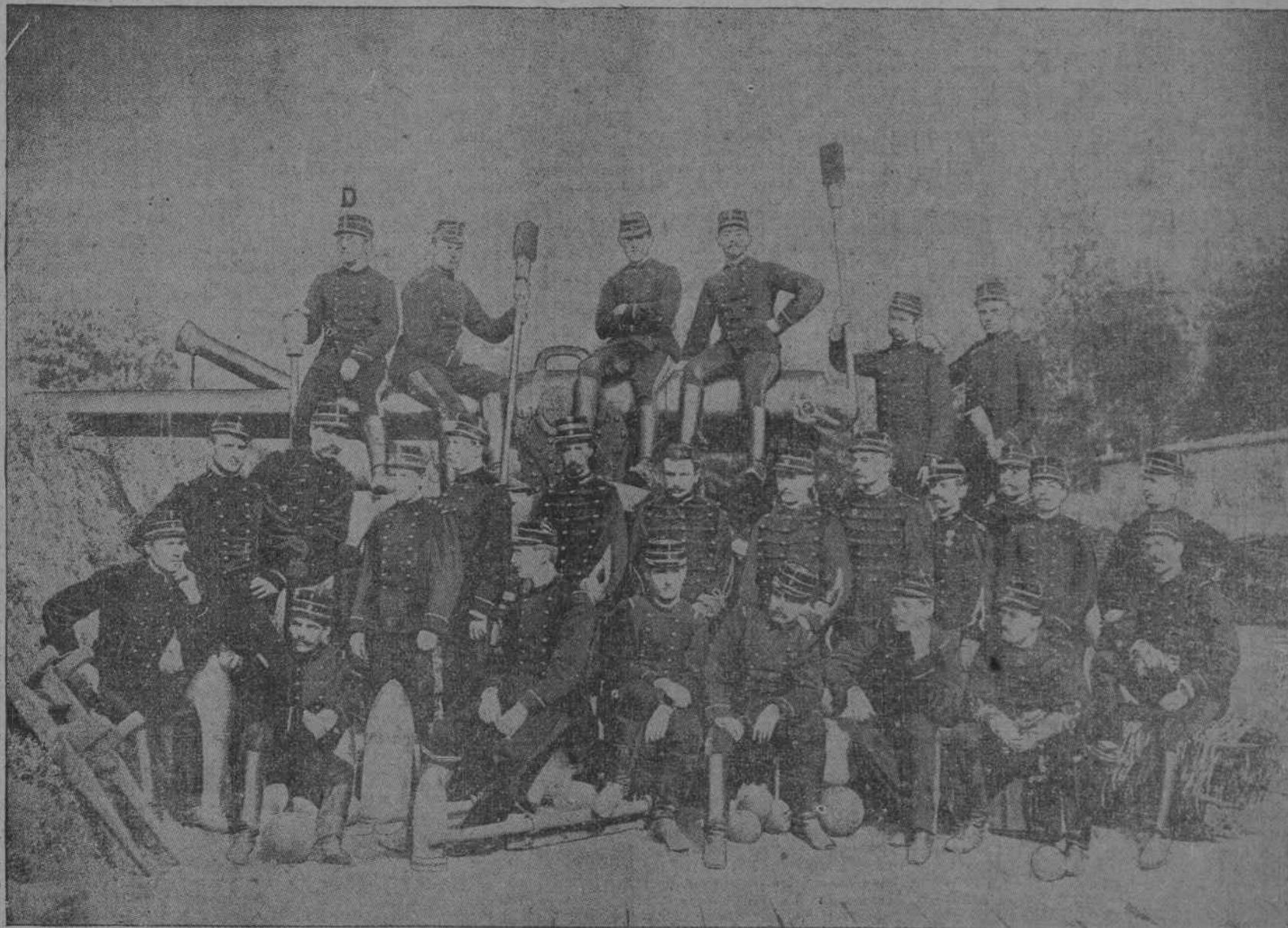
"Of the experts who examined the bordereau upon which he was condemned, three declared that it was not in my husband's handwriting. Everybody knows now that the bordereau was the work of Esterhazy. Henry's forgers is in itself sufficient evidence that in the judgment of the men who opposed Captain Dreyfus his condemnation needed propping up. This forgery was 'la preuve absolue' which M. Cavaignac, when Minister of War, recently read out to wildly enthusiastic Deputies as putting the guilt of my husband beyond yea or nay.

"The seven officers who constituted the court-martial would not have condemned him were it not that, after their deliberations had been concluded, General Mercier flourished before their excited eyes documents which he said were proofs of my husband's guilt. These documents were not examined and were forgeries.

"There was no motive to induce my husband to commit the crime charged against him. He dearly loves France. He had a splendid future before him. He was not in need of money. He was a man of independent means. He always guarded with jealous care the fair fame of his family. He has even given orders that all his fortune be expended in rehabilitating that name.

Madame Dreyfus informed me of one curious fact: that no photograph had been taken of her husband since he was a pupil of the Ecole de Guerre at Fontainebleau. All the other portraits of him, she said, were merely sketches. Of course, she must be understood as excepting any photographs of him which may have been taken forcibly by the authorities.

M. N. B.



Dreyfus, with His Fellow Pupils, at the War College of Fontainebleau. The Last Photograph Taken with His Permission.